

THE FREEHOLDER.

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD,

Tune, *King John and the Abbot.*

YOU gallant Freeholders, now lend us a Hand,
The Crisis draws nigh ; at Stake is *England*.
On Placemen or Pensioners can you rely ?
Chuse such Men your Members as Bribes will defy.
Derry down, down, &c.

II.

How great were your Taxes! their Treaties how dark !
Think who voted th' Excise! on those set your Mark :
The Place-bill they damn'd, the Convention approv'd ;
They pass'd Bills of Credit and Tobb-work they lov'd.
Derry down, &c.

III.

New Places are coin'd; but no Man's put in Post,
Till *Winnington* tries if his Morals are lost :
These your Boroughs wou'd Poison — reject all the Crew ;
The Money they proffer, they fleece first from you.
Derry down, &c.

IV.

You're fool'd, they are fatted ; the Jugle goes round,
For each Guinea they give, you're taxed twenty Pound ;
Think then on old Liberty left by your Sires,
Nor Vote for the Tools by whom it expires.
Derry down, &c.

V.

THE wild *Arab* that robs, his Herd won' betray,
Nor a *Swiss* his own Home, tho' he murders for Pay :
Banditti's

Banditti's will kill you if Gold they can view;
But none sell their Country but *Bob* and his Crew.

Derry down, &c.

VI.

REMEMBER whose Agents long shuffled in *Spain*,
Our Merchants insulted, no Redress cou'd obtain:
Till from Clamours without, within Doors, they grew;
Then a few Ships were sent. What with more might we do!

Derry down, &c.

VII.

THO' an hundred we had, all fit for the War,
From full sixty Thousand no Soldiers they'd spare:
Then who cannot guess, why brave *Vernon* was sent,
But he has defeated whatever was meant.

Derry down, &c.

VIII.

To *Vernon* then drink, the bold City also;
It is *London* I mean. About let it go:
The Sheriff Remember, he nobly behav'd,
And those sturdy Beggars your Country have sav'd.

Derry down, &c.

IX.

THEN a Fig for their *Keene*, sly *Fleury*, and Don,
You hang---an---Arse Courtiers; but to Men that push on
This War must relieve you---Huzza with full Glass,
All sad Dogs despise that bear Loads like an Ass.

Derry down, &c.

X.

THEN follow, brave Boys; to those Leaders be true,
They'll your Freedom retrieve---and your lost Honour too.
Accounts, when they're call'd for, shall ne'er be refus'd,
And Committee shall shew you whene'er you're abus'd.

Derry down, &c.